

THERE'S GOLD IN DUXBURY'S MUD FLATS



Frank White, lower left, and Elmer Phillips, right, return from their dragging operations with their full quota of scallops. In the background can be seen Howard Clark's yacht. Our staff reporter was trying to identify the other scallopers on the boat when he slipped and fell overboard. Naturally, he was fired. Scallopings continues to be satisfying, with a high yield and low overhead.

Duxbury's Clam Garden

(Here is a reprint of a newspaper account written around 1916.—Ed.)

Time was when the Duxbury clam was as plentiful as it is succulent, but the supply which, in the days of bounteous returns, meant anywhere from 25 to 30 buckets between tides, has dwindled to a scant half dozen, and the bivalves are small.

For 30 years the flavor of the Duxbury clam has had an individuality of its own, and wherever it called with a palate there it made a friend. Thus the inherent bland-

ishments of this unique clam have given it a place among the high class luxuries of the world, and, like the celebrated Providence river oyster, its intrinsic worth has bred base imitators.

It is canned, pickled and dried, and it has found its way to every zone and every clime. Epicures in remote places have sent to Duxbury for seed clams that they might grow crops of their own, and wherever the baby clams were dropped for development there would flock the gull and coot.

Three years ago and up to the present time the subject of Duxbury's moribund industry has been first in the daily and nightly

discussions. Suggestions were broached, dissected and looked at from all possible positions.

A close season for several years was talked of, but this did not seem to tickle the popular fancy and discussion on that point was dropped. Finally some wise old clamdigger suggested planting.

"That's the idea," said the weather browned clammer, "but we'll have to put them under the mud so the gulls can't get at them."

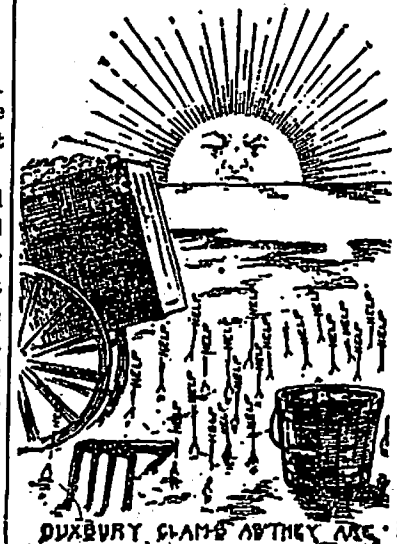
"Right you are," said a second clammer, "put them under a little way and they'll work down, but if you drop those little seedlings on the beach the gulls won't

do a thing but hold high carnival over them."

So it was decided that the great Duxbury clam beach should be turned into a immense garden in which clams should be planted,



and when the town election day comes next spring the people will vote on the proposition of appro-



priating money to gather young clams and place them where they will do the most good.